Literary News and Criticism

What A. G. C. Liddell Did, Saw and Heard.

NOTES FROM THE LIFE OF AN ORDINARY MORTAL. Being a Record of Things Done, Seen and Heard at School, College and in the World during the Latter Half of the Nineteenth Century. By A. G. C. Liddell, C. B. With Portrait. 8vo, pp. 370. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Mr. Liddell modestly presents to our consideration the events of his life as those of an ordinary member of British society, but he is quite justified in thinking that they possess a certain value of their own and that they may some day acquire a positive interest when the society in which they arose has ceased to exist. The record will undoubtedly in that day have more than a little value as a contribution to social history; meanwhile it is for the alien reader of to-day not only entertaining in anecdote but particularly interesting in its revelation of the habits and beliefs that have made in English life for strength and beauty of character. We may admit that the author's deep affection and admiration for his father, Adolphus Liddell, have colored his sketch of that fine type of English gentleman, but we would be sorry to miss this portrait of a man in whom the qualities of heart were as marked as those of the mind.

There are glimpses of a still earlier generation in these pages—one, for example, of Mr. Liddell's maternal grandfather, George Lane-Fox, whose estimate of the dignity of Mr. Fox of Bramham was such that he refused to speak to his eldest son when, on the road, he met that young person returning from Oxford in a postchaise with only a single pair of horses. Another early recollection is of the paternal grandfather, Lord Ravensworth, who, being in feeble health, would querulously greet any member of his large family who arrived at his house with "Oh, dear, I am very glad to see you; when are you going away?" Another odd relative of the older generation was Lord Hardwicke, a quaint character, who had been many years in the navy and in dress and manners belonged to the old "Blowhard" school. His young kinsmen were rather in awe of this formidable personage, but liked him at the same time, noting the kind heart under his ferocious demeanor. "One of his peculiarities," says his nephew, "was that he would get hold of a word or phrase and for many months apply it to anything and everything, not apparently in a jocular way, but with great solemnity. Thus at one time he could not utter three sentences without bringing in the word "Rantoon," a kind of bicycle propelled by the arms. At the time of the American war everything in the same way was dubbed a "Ticonderagua"—e. g., a pretty woman would be called a dear little "Ticonderagua." He was not always a comfortable person with whom to appear in public. "On one occasion, being in the stalls at the theatre during the production of a moving drama, he suddenly declared that he was cold, and placed his gloves and handkerchief on the top of his bald head just as the most pathetic portion of the piece was being represented, remaining quite indifferent to the remonstrances of his family and to the mixed laughter and indignation in the audience, which nearly ended in a row."

Liddell's home in childhood was in a country place not far from London, where lived also divers people known to fame. Professor Owen was an intimate of the house, and winning indeed is the glimpse of the great anatomist, who was a most fascinating companion for children, telling them stories about animals that held them spellbound. Owen's characteristic figure is well drawn: "Tall and shambling in his walk, he had a great head, rather a red nose and a rugged face, lit up by a pair of large bright eyes full of intelligence and kindness. He used sometimes to come bowling down our garden on the way to his house in a great wide-awake, the skirts of his black cape flying behind him, looking like Merlin loosed upon a modern world." Another neighboring celebrity of the period was the poet of "Philip van Artevelde," Sir Henry Taylor, who was considered affected by some people because of his failure to pronounce his r's and his high-flown diction. Other literary celebrities swam into the ken of Liddell as he made his way through school and college, Eton and Oxford. He was a pupil of Jowett, who was then at the acme of his fame. His power, our author thinks, was "mainly due to his indomitable but unaggressive courage, which was such that no consideration would ever turn him a hand's breadth from what he thought he ought to say or do. This fearlessness, combined with a remarkable power of reasoned insight and a sympathy which was rather the result of reflection than of feeling, made him a valuable critic of a man's intellectual side, though I should say that he was not a specially good judge of character as a whole. The most bumptious undergraduate took a truer and saner view of himself after an hour with Jowett; the work of the cleverest was improved by being pruned of affectation or unreality, while the industrious but less brilliant student did not go empty away." Withal Jowett was not a great scholar or lecturer. Newman Liddell considers the best lecturer he has ever heard. He was a strange, shy man, a suffering dyspeptic, living chiefly in his books. "He had a curious, twisted gait, like a billiard ball with the screw on, which habit, in combination with his name, procured him the nickname of 'Noggs.'"

We have a glimpse of Tennyson dancing in "a stately, almost elephantine, way with a young damsel in a polka." We have him in a more pessimistic mood, listening to the story of a man who, while walking with two friends, fell into the water from a breaking plank—whereupon the two friends cracked no smile. "Then," commented the gloomy Laureate, "there are still two gentlemen left in Europe. I shouldn't have thought it." Mr. Liddell sets forth an excellent specimen of George Eliot's conversation as recorded in one of his diaries:

> She has a noble face of the equine type, with fine grey eyes, not large but deep set, thoughtful and kind. She asked if I was a north countryman, saying that my stature agreed with my being a Northumbrian, who were all tall men. I felt flattered, but was afraid of showing my weakness before such an analyst. She then asked for a specimen of the dialect, which I gave her. The talk next passed to circuit, which she said must be interesting from the opportunity of hearing such a variety of cases, and seeing so many types of humanity. I answered that there was too much sameness about the cases, and then went on to tell her how from my habit of sketching in court I was struck with the constant reproductions of similar types of face and figure. She said that the forms of Nature were really few. I remarked how similarity of form was often accompanied by similarity of voice, movement and character. We then got on to the effect of a peculiarity of speech in conversation and the part it played in arresting attention. She said that some men's talk always seemed worth listening to, while others, who really talked better, could obtain no hearing, and that one reason why Scotsmen's talk often seemed more intellectual was in a great measure due to the effect of their dialect in arresting attention, giving Carlyle as an example. She remembered a ludicrous effect in the conversation of the late Lord Lytton, who was deaf, and who would go on murmuring for a time, and then suddenly burst out for a sentence or two in a very loud key. The English always dropped their voices at the end of a sentence, and were much averse to any other form of talk than a tête-à-tête, and in illustration she pointed out all the various persons tête-à-têting around us. Frenchmen had none of the English shyness, which did not arise from superior mental endowments, but from a peculiar sensibility to outward surroundings which an Englishman had not. A Frenchman in conversation almost always reproduced in words the scene before him, or remarked upon it, even to its most trivial details.

> This was not talk of esoteric depth, and was certainly pleasanter than that of the lady's friend, Herbert Spencer, who, in answer to his hostess's incidental remark, "I shall always believe that flowers have consciousness," answered: "If you are determined to adhere to the proposition that it is possible to dissociate the existence of consciousness from the physiological processes of nervous organization, I must differ from you entirely."

Mr. Liddell has not been one of the worshippers of Gladstone—he has not, in fact, been able to understand the statesman's great reputation. He thought the orator's periods stilted and all in the same rhythm, and that his accent was distinctly disagreeable. He quotes an odd story told to him by a visitor at Hawarden in 1890. This friend noted that Gladstone was full of boundless energy, but so feverish that it gave him the impression that it could not last:

> While walking in the park he stopped suddenly, and looking into A——'s face, said, "Tell me why I have lost the confidence of the English people." A—— said that he had lost the confidence of his own class because they thought that he wanted to destroy the Empire. "Then they must think me a madman," said Gladstone, and a moment after added fiercely, "Why don't they send two strong men from Bedlam to take me there?"

FICTION

Novels of East and West, of Past and Present.

IN OREGON.

THE LAND CLAIMERS. By John Fleming Wilson. With illustrations by Arthur E. Becher. 12mo, pp. 291. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

Mr. Wilson is already sufficiently well known through his short stories, but this is his first novel, and a good one it is. His ambition has not overleaped itself; he has not ventured upon too broad a canvas, nor, on the other hand, attempted an infinitude of detail, but in its simple lines the tale stands clearly before the reader, whose imagination and understanding readily collaborate with the author. This is minor fiction, to be sure, but that genre stands badly in need in this country of conscientious practitioners. A San Francisco shipping master, the terror of sailors, a "breaker of men" as others are of broncos, is sent to the Oregon timber lands to regain the health and strength he has lost at last. There he is tricked into buying a worthless land claim, and on discovering this resolves to get even with the swindler. From the protagonist of the story he changes into its *deux ex machina* in the affairs of others, a set of well differentiated characters. The hand of the short story writer is often perceptible in this first novel, but Mr. Wilson has made a good beginning. He should do well.

CLASSIC HELLAS.

THE COWARD OF THERMOPYLÆ. By Caroline Dale Snedeker. Illustrated in colors. 12mo, pp. 466. Doubleday, Page & Co.

This story of ancient Greece is decidedly well worth while. Its hero is Aristodemos, the only Spartan who was not killed at Thermopylæ, and afterward fell at Platæa, covered with glory. Thus says Herodotus. The value of the book lies in this, that Mrs. Snedeker, with all the thoroughness of her Greek lore, has not spread upon its pages the dry dust of the dictionary of antiquities, but has quickened them with the glory of the Greek spirit. At the same time she is sufficiently modern to allude to the long struggle between East and West which began in these far-off days, which was renewed when Carthage invaded Italy, which was settled again at Tours and under the walls of Vienna, and which has emerged in a new form from history as the "Yellow Peril." By making Aristodemos the son of an Athenian father and a Spartan mother the author introduces the sharp contrasts between the two civilizations and their aims and ideals. His wanderings after the battle in the pass enable her to draw pictures of the world of trade of the Mediterranean, even beyond Scylla and Charibdis, and she leads her wanderer's steps to the Delphic oracle. A daring venture in fiction this, justified by its result.

WILLIAM III AGAIN.

DEFENDER OF THE FAITH. By Marjorie Bowen. 12mo, pp. 365. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Miss Bowen's new novel is based on a firm belief in the historic knowledge of her readers. Once more William III is her hero, but this time she sketches an earlier part of his career than that she dealt with in "I Shall Maintain"—the desperate period of the Stadtholder's struggle against France for the preservation of the balance of power in Europe, when Charles II was entirely under French influences. Whether William was quite so ardent a Dutch patriot as Miss Bowen makes him out to be is questionable. The Netherlands were to him rather a pawn on the chessboard of his international policies, to be used to their last drop of blood, their last penny, for their own preservation, it is true, but fully as much for the continuance of his greater plans. The author seeks to penetrate beneath the defensive armor of this enigmatic great figure of history, and succeeds in the fictional sense. The picture she draws of him is consistent with that she gave us in the earlier novel, and it may be true. This was the period of William's marriage to Mary, the difference between the luxury and laxness of the English court and the complicity of the princely residence at The Hague being emphasized by the author, who mingles French political intrigues with the constant plots against the Stadtholder's life. The climax is found in William's gradual discovery of Mary's love for him and of her loyalty to his vast schemes. But William III in fiction requires treatment on a far larger scale than is given him in this episodical novel.

MATRIMONIAL TROUBLES.

THE WIFE DECIDES. A Romance of American Life. By Sidney Wharton. Illustrated by J. Knowles Hare, jr., and Joseph C. Chase. 12mo, pp. 312. The G. W. Dillingham Company.

This story starts out with a problem—it develops others as it proceeds—but omits to solve them for the sake of a sensational ending. Its heroine, when a young girl, decides to marry a man she does not love, in order that she may have leisure and peace of mind for her literary work. She decides to divorce the business man, her husband, who does not understand her, that she may wed an artist who does. Thus far the story moves in a direct line, and touches upon questions that are still considered important and timely, at least from the fictional point of view—questions of love and marriage and woman's career beyond the home—but at this point fate, in the person of the author, steps in and creates complications from without that are not consequences of the woman's past decisions, except in the culminating instances of a letter withheld through jealousy. This change, however, results in good melodrama that should please undiscriminating readers. It is a welcome sign of the times that the writers of this kind of fiction have begun to pay serious attention of late to the position and rights of children in the matter of easy divorce and as easy remarriage. Mr. Wharton is of their number.

JOURNEYS END.

THE ROSE WITH A THORN. By Priscilla Craven. With frontispiece. 12mo, pp. 416. D. Appleton & Co.

The merit of this tale of an Anglo-American marriage with curious but quite probable antecedent testamentary dispositions and many subsequent complications lies in the fact that it is not a comparative study of two civilizations and the men and women they produce, but simply a story, and a good one. The author's inventiveness gives many a novel turn to a subject no longer new, from the introduction of an American mother with far other than merely ambitious interests to a cleverly introduced difference in the points of view of an aristocratic English radical and a tradition worshipping daughter of our republic. Some of the minor characters, English and American, the reader has met before, but the leading personages, both men and women, are the author's own to a sufficient degree to keep up the interest to the very end of that misunderstanding between husband and wife which so often is the true beginning of their love. The author is technically sure of herself; in short, this is as satisfactory a summer novel of a more substantial kind as one can wish.

SECRET SOCIETIES

Four Essays on Eighteenth Century France.

SECRET SOCIETIES AND THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. Together with some kindred studies. By Una Birch. 12mo, pp. 262. John Lane Company.

These four papers, reprinted from the "Edinburgh Review" and the "Nineteenth Century," fall into two groups, a close connection existing between the first essay, which gives the book its name, and that on "Religious Liberty and the French Revolution." Of the remaining two, that on the Comte de Saint-Germain marshals all that is known about that typically eighteenth century man of mystery, but leaves the mystery itself in the unsolved state in which it has been these many years. The closing study, on Mme. de Staël and Napoleon, is, on the other hand, most serviceable as a strongly focussed view of the influence of a single woman's opposition to the world conqueror. "A Study in Ideals," Miss Birch calls this paper, the ideals being fundamentally those of Rousseau, which Napoleon relinquished, practical, hardheaded ruler of men that he was, while Mme. de Staël clung to them. True it is, however, that the France of 1800 needed a Napoleon, a man of action, not the theories of the philosopher. The author admits this, yet claims the victory for the woman in the changed attitude of the Emperor of the Hundred Days. The study is based throughout on Mme. de Staël's "Dix Années d'Exil."

The opening paper takes up the influence exerted in the preparation of France for the revolution by the secret societies that, in their numbers, were so marked a feature of the Europe of the eighteenth century. The subject has been studied before in a more or less desultory fashion. Miss Birch attempts to give it its definite historical place by making it the third factor in the precipitation of the great upheaval. The economic causes of the French Revolution have hitherto held the first place in the opinion of the historians, she says, the philosophers receiving credit as the second influence of importance. To these she adds the idealism of the numerous secret and mystical societies, which reached the masses of the people. Their origin in France she finds in the Masonic lodges brought across the channel by exiled Jacobites. The brain that organized all these influences into one single movement she attributes to Weishaupt, the head of the German Perfectibilists or Illuminati, "with whom alone lay the credit not only of realizing the cause of the ineffectiveness of societies upon society, but of elaborating a homogeneous scheme which was destined to embrace and eventually absorb all lodges and all rites." The theory is cleverly worked out with a wealth of detail that, in itself, makes the essay profitable reading.

The paper on the French Revolution and religious liberty traces the power of the Church in France from the beginning of the sixteenth century and the transference of its persecution from Protestants to rationalists, encyclopedists, Masonic lodges and secret societies, thus explaining the violence of the reaction of the Revolution, which yet ended in the re-establishment of the Church, since neither philosophers nor mystics had a definite new religion to offer in place of the age-old creed. The attempts made at civic and secular cults were foredoomed to failure. The book is a richly suggestive addition to the literature of its main subject.

THE FRENCH NAVY

A Stirring Plea for Its Greater Development.

Paris, May 26.

M. Maurice Rondet-Saint, in a compact little book of 350 pages, bristling with alarming facts and startling figures, entitled "L'Avenir de la France est sur Mer," published by Plon-Nourrit, makes a gallant and patriotic effort to arouse his countrymen to the necessity of preventing France from falling to the sixth rank among maritime nations. The French navy to-day is merely the fifth in order of international strength and efficiency. M. Rondet-Saint presents the exact maritime situation of France, which in his opinion justifies the remark of an Oriental statesman that "Japan has become the last among the great powers" and that France is now "the foremost of the small powers."

M. Paul Doumer has written a stirring preface to M. Rondet-Saint's work, in which a comparison of various textbooks in use in the schools of different countries is made. It appears that in the United States, Great Britain and Germany great stress is laid upon the present and, above all, upon the future conditions of the respective nations, while in France, on the contrary, public instruction dwells more upon the glorious past of the nation and ignores the future. This book, dealing with the necessity for France to awake to the dangers of her situation, sets forth the three great engineering methods upon which, according to M. Rondet-Saint, the economic future of the country depends—namely, developing Paris as a seaport, the joining of Marseilles with the Rhone Canal, and enlarging the Canal du Midi, constructed by Riquier during the reign of Louis XIV, so that battleships can pass to and fro between the Bay of Biscay and the Mediterranean. As a sort of barometer of public feeling, it may be mentioned that the German Naval League comprises more than a million members, while those of the French Naval League are only seventeen thousand all told. C. I. B.

THE ARMOR OF THE WILD

Why Animals' Concealing Coloration Has Not Been Recognized.

By A. H. Thayer.

In my introduction to our book on concealing coloration I say: "Thus at the crucial moments in the lives of animals, when they are on the verge of catching, or being caught, sight is commonly the indispensable sense. It is for these moments that their coloration is best adapted, and, when looked at from the point of view of enemy or prey, as the case may be, proves to be obliterative."

For want of digesting this keynote of the book many of our reviewers have received it with a most childish misapprehension. The dusky night-hawk darkly silhouetted against the sky as he dashes about over head is a good example of this keynote, which, in one shape or another, is universal in the animal kingdom. Had the critics of our book never seen this bird crouched on the rock one would talk to deaf ears in telling them that all the while he is so frankly displaying himself in the sky he *is a concealingly colored* colored bird, because his colors, so conspicuous up there, where he is *safe*, absolutely efface him when he crouches on the bare rock in danger from hawks and foxes—i. e., *where he needs to be concealed*.

The zebra and the African antelopes, the peacock and the bobolink are all conspicuous in situations and from points of view *where they are safe*, and all, like the night-hawk, marvels of concealing coloration in situations where concealing coloration is of use to them.

When naturalists hear us say that concealing coloration is *universal* (among species that catch or are caught) they are startled out of their senses. Yet they know so well that *anatomical* adaptation to habits is obvious throughout the animal kingdom, that they confidently read in the structure of any animal his general habits and haunts. They say that the tiger is built for springing on his prey, pulling it down and bearing it away, and not for browsing or flying! That a giraffe is built for browsing on high leaves, and not for rapacity; that a deer is built for grazing and swift flight; swallows, swifts and vultures, for soaring and not for footracing; that an owl's eyes are built for taking in all possible light vibrations at night when these are scanty, and in daylight get too much. Now, though our public knows all this by heart, a great many readers have recoiled from our presentation of the very same principle in the matter of animals' costume. Can any of them explain to us how the universal law that you can't stretch your circle in one direction without narrowing it in the other could give place in one department to some other law? If adaptation to each animal's greatest need is everywhere else, and everywhere else at the expense of other adaptations, how could it fail to be the same with his colors when they prove to be so able *somewhere* to conceal him? Yet every word of all the opposition to our book is equivalent to answering the anatomist, irrelevantly, that the swift can't walk or burrow, the tiger can't browse or fly, the deer can't seize, or tear, or climb.

I, the color anatomist, tell people that from the peculiar view-point of aquatic animals, or, out in his open lagoons, *from every point*, the red flamingo is a marvellous picture of dawn-sky, and they retort, irrelevantly, that "he is red all day, too—they have seen him gorgeously bright a thousand times." I tell them that, looked a little *up* at in a fruit tree, a red macaw is a marvellous picture of fruit, sky and leaves, and they retort that they have noticed only his brilliancy. In point of fact, the keepers in the Bronx Zoo have begun to notice that it is extraordinarily difficult to detect these macaws when they climb at large among the trees of the park, and the same thing is constantly reported by collectors in South America.

When the anatomist tells of the tiger's peculiar powers, would it not be more intelligent to *go with* this anatomist and see the tiger perform these things than to exclaim: "What nonsense! A tiger cannot fly, nor catch fish like an otter, nor eat grass like a deer"? It is *because* the swift is built for soaring that he can't walk, *because* the deer is built for grazing and speed that he can't seize and tear, *because* the woodcock is built for probing wet earth and needs, therefore, a long, straight beak, that he has not a hooked one. Likewise, it is *because* the animal's costume vanishes against *one* background that naturalists *see him conspicuous* against others.

Every picture in our book and every statement of other unillustrated cases is simply a record of the concealing effect of color-adaptation *to a certain* background. In every case this background proves to be essentially such a one as the animal's enemy or prey will see him against. People say, for instance, that we are trying to prove that a flamingo's colors are *for* concealment. We are simply presenting the *fact* that at the two margins of his nocturnal feeding, out in his dawn-lit or evening-lit sky, they do as nearly and as often conceal him as any conceivable costume could. The dead-leaf pattern of a whippoorwill is no closer counterfeit of the forest floor than is the red flamingo's exquisite salmon and rose of the average morning sky he shows against.

It is the vastness of the array of cases of this adaptation that makes it absurd to try to resist their meaning. Last summer I showed to a large number of people the most wonderful disappearance of gorgeous stuffed birds and butterflies, selected from many widely different classes, arranged out-of-doors, always showing that the background with which they so beautifully coöperated was essentially like the one they would have in their homes. The spectators have always agreed that it was *the brilliant patterns* that deceived them.

Back-ground matching helps *conceal* a stationary animal, and makes a *moving* one the worst possible of targets for the pursuer. Eliminating *motion* by the use of stuffed specimens one can absolutely test the effect of their *colors*.

I beg my readers to come this summer to Dublin to see the wonderful operation of these colored patterns.

Monadnock, N. H., June 5, 1911.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Current Talk of Things Present and to Come.

In the series of special editions, printed at the Riverside Press, which the Houghton Mifflin Company has published, some works of very high interest and value have appeared, but nothing in the list has been more welcome than the latest volume. This is "The Constitution of the United States of America," printed in a thin quarto of some two-score pages. The typography, bold and clear, is beautifully proportioned to the page of handsome and durable paper, and it is inclosed within a dignified border. The only other decoration is an eagle drawn in formal fashion above the prefatory declaration of the People. The ornament on the black cover is of the same fine simplicity. We note with special appreciation that the publishers relegate their imprint to the back of the volume, where they state the number of copies printed—440. The Constitution has, of course, been reproduced on occasions past counting, but never before has it been printed for the book lover in such perfect form.

The Seamstress Author.

Mme. Marguerite Audoux, whose "Marie-Claire" has recently made a mild yet pretty widespread sensation, is said to be engaged upon a long novel describing the lives of shop girls and factory girls in Paris. She is also working upon a shorter story, called "La Valserine," the scene of which is laid on the eastern frontier, and the motive of which is found in the practice of smuggling.

Whistler and Mark Twain.

The Frederick A. Stokes Company is bringing out a new book on Mark Twain by Mr. Archibald Henderson. It contains a droll anecdote relating to the first meeting of the humorist with Whistler, which occurred in the studio of the latter when he was putting the last touches on a picture. When the painter inquired his guest's opinion of this work Mark Twain approached it, assuming the air of a connoisseur, and remarked that it did very well, but "he didn't care much for that cloud." He appeared to be on the point of rubbing the cloud with his gloved finger, whereupon Whistler exclaimed in horror, "Don't touch it; the paint's wet!" "Oh, that's all right," replied Mark, "these aren't my best gloves, anyhow." The laugh in which the two joined marked the beginning of a hearty friendship.

The Rescue of a Famous Book.

John Bunyan's copy of Fox's "Book of Martyrs," which was to be sold the other day in London, was withdrawn at the last moment, the Attorney General intervening. It was determined that the Bedford Library, in whose possession the work had been for seventy years, had not shown that it had a right to make the sale. The book had been secured for the library "by public subscription," and it is now contended that the institute authorities were therefore trustees and not absolute owners. It is thought that action will be taken to keep the book in England as a national relic. Apart from their disputed legal right to sell the book, "very few, we should hope," says the London "Times," "will be found to indorse the moral right of the authorities of the Bedford Literary Institute to do so. The idea of selling at a great price a book, of which the sole value consists in its associations with Bunyan and with Bedford Gaol, for the sake of paying off a trumpery mortgage is so preposterous and so repugnant to all right feeling that, if we could be sure that the book would remain in England and be intrusted to custodians more worthy of it than the Bedford Literary Institute has shown itself to be, we might be content to waive the legal question of title in order to make quite certain that that institute, at any rate, should have nothing more to do with it. But, as matters stand, we hold that the book ought not to be sold at all, until the legal question of title has been finally and authoritatively determined."

Wagner's Autobiography.

The English version of Richard Wagner's "Autobiography," to which we have made repeated allusions in the last few months, is at last on the eve of publication in this country. Dodd, Mead & Co. will shortly bring it out in two stately volumes. These will give the music lover plenty of reading for the summer. They contain, all told, about nine hundred pages.

The Beneficent Asterisk.

A special meed of praise is due the new four volume edition of "The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson," edited by Sidney Colvin and published by the Scribners, for the manner in which it meets the convenience of the reader. The new letters, and there are 150 of them, are marked in the Tables of Contents with an asterisk. Any reader is bound to appreciate this simple bit of editorial helpfulness, and for the reviewer it is a boon as precious as it is rare. It is the habit of many authors and editors to bring out a book in a new edition with nothing to indicate the additions made, and to identify these one must make laborious comparison of the new text with the old. What these wicked people have needed in the way of punishment has been something really lingering, something with boiling oil in it.

New Novels.

The week brings more than one new novel from D. Appleton & Co. The scene of "The Woman Haters," by Joseph C. Lincoln, is laid at Eastboro Twin Lights, Cape Cod. Mrs. Nina Larrey Duryea's "The House of the Seven Gabbleys" treats of the love affairs of several young women who spend a summer in an old French château. The Appletons are also issuing a story called "Winding Paths," by Gertrude Page.

A Home University.

Henry Holt & Co. have just issued the first ten volumes in a set of one hundred framed to compose "The Home University Library of Modern Knowledge." The scheme is a good one. Under the editorship of Professor Gilbert Murray and Mr. Herbert Fisher, of Oxford; Professor [illegible]. A. Thomson, of Aberdeen, and Professor W. T. Brewster, of Columbia University, there has been prepared a